What the American and English Presses Are Bringing Forth.

ANCIENT HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY

The Devils of Luther, Milton and Goethe.

ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Exploration and Travel---Biography, Poetry and Fiction.

SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE FROM HOMER TO MENAN-DER. By Rev. T. P. Mahany, A. M. London: Macmilian & Co.

This is one of the pleasantest and most suggestive books we have read in a long while. The manufacture of the volume is unexceptionable, and one's mutheric taste is gratified as he settles down in his easy chair for a winter evening's enjoyment. The style of the writer is perspicuous and sufficiently conversational to prevent that traditional soporific effect which a dulier, if not a profounder, treatise produces. He speaks to the general public rather than to a small coterie of savans, and manages to describe the business, the religious and the social life of the Greeks in such a way that the ordinary student, the mechanic or clerk who has bookish tastes, gets a clear idea of the general status of this remarkable nation. He is just a bit pugnacious in intellect, and cannot bear to let an opportunity pass to have a brush with former writers on the same subject. Though by no means equal in stature to Mr. Grote, ne nevertheless has no hesitation in buckling the armor and engaging in a regular tilt. One has great satisfaction in witnessing such that Mr. Mahaffy is perfectly conversant with his subject, not only in its general outlines, but in all its minor details. In these days of superficial scholarship it is an unspeakable refreshment to laten to the authoritalive speech, and to be led through the long corridors of Athens, by a man who has been enging at Greek roots and conjugating Greek verbs, until, as De Quincey boasted, he could think in the mother tongue of classic

gating Greek verbs, antil, as De Quincey bousted, he could think in the mother tongue of classic thought.

Mr. Mahaffy's estimate of the Greek character is a little peculiar. He steadiastly refuses to accord to it that stern courage which we have always believed to be one of its chief elements. He is willing to allow the Greeks undisputed possession of a certain gioriously impulsive dash or clan which at times accomplished wonders, but utterly refuses to credit them with that stern grip of will which stands and dies, and which is the miracle of the more northern temperaments. The Greek soldier would stand fire, so to speak, as long as there was any chance of victory, but when that was gone he became hance-stricken, and fied the field as last as his coward leys could carry him. The courage even of the Homeric chiefs was, he asserts, "or a second rate order." "No doubt the Greeks were a warlike nation like the French, fond of giory, and reveiling in excitement; but they did not possess that stubborn valor which was the cuty of the membratak hight, and which is the physical characteristic of the English and German soldier. With the exception of Achilles and of Domede all the chiefs in the filled are subject to panics and hy before the enemy."

The jury system of Greece was also very defective, and gaverise to great evils. The laws of the State were frequently overridden by the passionate plea of the eloquent prosecution, and were generally in such a confused state that they are wholly worthless to the modern student of law, while those of Rome, on the other hand, are of immense value. Even Demosthenes was not untouched by a large fee, and could be retained in a bad cause by the magical jing; of specie payment. Altegether the book is invaluable to one was has not the lime to plod through the warry wollows of other writers, and will find a warm welcome by many a thoughtuil freside.

BEMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES. By P. V. N. Myers,

BEMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES. By P. V. N. Myers, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. This volume is a valuable contribution to that department of literature which contains the record of excavations. The curiosity of man is itself a curios.ty. Not content with the present age, and not by any means wholly absorbed in the architecture, mechanics and art of our own time, be turns his face toward the East and calculates the sites of the great cities that bave long since crumbled. He is particularly attracted by the immense sand hills which cover the huts and palaces of ancient Babylon, and with pick and shovel penetrates, like a Paul Pry, into the domestic arrangements of Nebuchadnezzar. After recovering a few kitchen utensiis, a chair or two, a bit of broken porcelain, with a rude picture painted on it, he generalizes concerning the social life or our ancestors, and either giories in the proofs of ad-

Mr. Myers' trip must have been full of novelty and lascination. He solourns for a while in Bag-dad, taking note of the traditions with which the very air is filled. In its prime glory the city would compare favorably, in many respects, with the largest centres of modern civilization. It contained at one time more than 2,000,000 inhabitants, very nearly double the number living in New York. Its court officers enjoyed large salaries and lived in the widest extravagance. Some of the public pageants were costly and imposing to such degree as to suggest the possibility of what in these days is mystically called a king. It may be said that

what in these days is mystically called a king. It may be said that

The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
showers on her kings barcaric poarts and gold,
for, if we may credit Abulleda, on a certain royal
nuptial occasion, "a thousand pearts of the largest
size were showered on the nead of the bride."
This reads not unlike a newspaper description of
the marriage least of one of our city officials.
Think of the display of wealth indicated by the
following paragraph, which must have been
written by one of His Majesty's "own co-respondBins" to the leading organ of the time:—"Nor
was the palace less spiendid, in which were hung
up 38,000 (we leel inclined to make a deduction of
one cipher, but bust needs be truthful)
pieces of tapestry, 12,300 of which were silk,
smbrolaered with gold. Among the other articles
of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold
and sliver spreading into eighteen large branches,
on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety
of birds made of the same precious metas, as well
as the leaves of the trees. While the machinery
suffected spontaneous motions the several birds
warbled their natural harmony." Truly the annients were not wanting in extravagant ideas of
luxury, and knew how to enjoy lie on a large income.

The ruins of Baoylon have been a sort of brick

The ruins of Baoylon have been a sort of brick The ruins of Baoylon have been a sort of brick yard for the natives for generations. They have found under the sand sufficient material for their homely structures. Scieuchs Nicator is said to have built a whole city from the aborts of Babylon, and every one who has since wanted to build a caravansary has Lid these ruins under contribution. So the new life was the old, fir, Myers gives an exceedingly interesting account of his travels through Easiern and Western Asia, Northern Syria and Mesopotamia, and has produced a volume of 500 bages, not only readable, but full of valuable information. We ought not to neglect to say that the book is

We ought not to neglect to say that the book is well printed, on good paper, and does credit to the house from which it is issued.

TALES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Millicent Gar-This little work, of about 100 pages, was written for the instruction of beginners in the noble science of which it treats. Exteriorly it is a very attractive volume, being well printed on thick paper and handsomely bound. Interiorly it is beaten track of instruction into grooves or ruts of tts own. The last generation was fond of dialogue. The gravest subjects were discussed by wo or three persons, wno from the beginning to the end of the book put startling questions to each other, or answered them with a convincing fairness or a cunning subtlety on which the interes; of the book depended. Mr. Fawcett has not exactly reproduced this eccentricity of literature, but has adapted it to the peculiarities of our own time. It is somewhat of a novelty, and for that reason, perhaps, will have a charm that reason, perhaps, will have a charm for many readers. The volume is not intended for the use and has no information to offer to those who have devoted any thought to the general methods of society in government, but wil, be or great importance to those who are ust entering on the adject and getting their first jumps of the relation between commerce and automat prosperity. The writer's style is very pleasant and one finds himsel reading an article through when he expected simply to glance at it. The story of the singularity and its will be singular to war individual ability, and no materials or tools or property except what the waves washed ashore, is a good illustration of the way in which society is formed and in which,

THE BOOK WORLD. by a kind of social gravitation, each man finds his place. The first principle on which the new colony started was "Findings is keepings," but the fact was soon developed that the carpenter owned a gun, the mason had boards and planks and the fact was soon developed that the carpenter owned a gun, the mason had boards and planks and the only good hunter of the party had a tool chest, while the gestleman of the clowd found himself in a sorry plight. Experience taught them after a while that some interchange of property was necessary, and after many hard words and more blunders than we have space to describe, the tool chest fell into the hands of the carpenter, who had evidently the best right to it, the gun went to the Nimrod, who knew its use and delighted in it, walle the blacksmith exchanged his useless possessions for all the sorapiron and copper bolts which doated asnore in broken pieces of timber. The pittable gentleman of the party was at lensth convinced of his uselessness, and, like a respectable and sensible man, learned to gather a value unto himself by contributing to the general weal, and the colony thus formed enjoyed a degree of prosperty which was hardly to be anticipated from the adverse circumstances in which they found themselves. The book is a curious and rather palatable mixture of Robinson Crusoe and the vexed problems of political economy and social progress. It is very suggestive, and will fully repay the tyro in these abstruse sciences.

THE THREE DEVILS, WITH OTHER ESSAYS. By David Masson. M. A., LL. D. Macmillan & Co. We have here another instance of the misrepresentation of the contents of a book by its title. The large cap title leads one to suppose that the bulk of the volume is devoted to the subject which is given such prominence, but in this case at least is only one of the several essays, and occupies less than sixty pages in a volume of about 300. However, the age demands an attractive and striking title page to insure the attention of the public. The reader might receive the impression from what we have said that the volume is an ad captandum effort, but in this he would be mistaken. It is carefully written by a man who is evidently studious, critical and thoughtful, and who has won the right to speak and to be neard by a thorough knowledge of his subjects. The five essays, be sides the one which we have already emphasized, are entitled, "Shakespeare and Goethe," "Mil. ton's Youth," "Dryden and the Literature of the Restoration," "Dean Swiit," which on many ac counts is the most attractive, and "How Literature May Illustrate History."

We have been specially interested, however, in the first essay, which evidences both the general style of the writer, his peculiar intellectual plan

the first essay, which evidences both the general style of the writer, his peculiar intellectual bias and his scholarship. Indeed, every one is interested in any biography of the devil, from whatever source it comes. It is a theme with which we ait have some personal acquaintance, and we take a morbid pleasure in finding out whether any one clee's knowledge is more intinuate than our own. That such a being exists, either in miniature or in colossal butk no man lee's inclined to deny. He is at least a very convenient personage upon whom to throw the blame of the apparent evils which beset our daily path.

The devil of Milton is a literary production. In the beginning the great rebel stood on an equality with kaphasel, dabtiel and Michael. "He had accustomed many of the angels to his mode of tinking. One of the ways in which he grainfied his desire for activity had been that of exerting a moral and intellectual inducace over the interfor angels. His chief associate—almost his boon companion—had been Heelzebub, a princely angel Mobon, Bellai and Mammon had likewise been admitted to his confidence. These five had constituted a sort of citque in heaven."

Milton's devil was a colossus, and withal, though boundlessly ambitious, a very gentlemanly and courteous spirit. On more than one occasion he exhibits signs of repentance, which he wrestles with and overcomes. When he stands on the fragrant sod of Eden he for the first time "strikes out the idea of existing lorever alter as the devil." Wherever he goes, whatever he does, he is loilowed by the restretful remembrance of his former glory, and does hot at any period of his history seem to be bed all through. Gimpses of possible repeatance are seen, and one is led to hope that before Milton leaves him he will lead him back to

lowed by the regretful remembrance of his former giory, and does not at any period of his history seem to be bed all through. Gimpses of possible repeatance are seen, and one is led to hope that before Mitton leaves him he will lead him back to the place from which he was driven.

Goethe's Mephistopheles is a figure in a drama. He is a sort of supplement to the devil of Mitton. When you read "Paradise Lost" you feel that Satan is growing worse all the time, that he is quenching the old longings, suppressing his signistory the past and preparing himself for a work of unmittigated evil. Goethe's Mephistopheles is Mitton's devil after he has crushed out his last hope, and Goethe simply continues the biography of Satan which whiten began but left unfillished. "As if he had been journeying through a wilderness of scorehing sand, all that was left of the strendingel his long since evaporated. He is now a dry, shrivelled up, scoffing spirit. He is constantly doing unnecessary miscinef. If he enters Auerbach's wine céliar and introduces himself to the four drinking companions it is to set the poor brutes fighting and make them cut off each other's noses." If he spends alew minutes in talk with marcha it is to make he sily old woman expose her foibles. In a word, Goethe's devil is the devil of Milton after a few thousand woman expose her foibles. In a word, Goethe's devil is the devil of Milton after a few thousand

wollan expose net noises. In a word, cousing devil is the devil of Milton after a few thousand years' practice.

Luther's devil was not a part of literature, but a part of lite. He believed in aim with all his might and main. To Luther the devil was no chimera, no mere orthodoxy; but a stern and terrible lact, at whose head, when he saw it materialized on a certain occasion, it was his delight to throw his inkstand. This being was Luther's personni enemy, who could stand any amount of plain talk, but who always leit waen his interlocutor indused in a joke. That, it seems, he could not bear, and once, while impatiently arguing with him, Luther said:—"Devil, if, as you say, Christ's blood, which was shed for my sins, be not sufficient to insure my salvation, can't you bray for me yourself, devil ?" and at this His Majesty, as though scorning 4 reply, incontinently fled. Altogether the volume is interesting, and will be a welcome guest at the hreside of many a student.

distory of the Lifeboar, and its work Richard Lewis. London: Macmillan & Co. Our pleasure in reading this fascinating volume would have been unalloyed but for one fact, the necessity of constantly using a dull penknife to cut the leaves withal. When publishers learn to have self-sacrifice enough to mour a slight extra expense in order to save certain forcible adjectives which explode on the lips of the impatient reader when he is compelled to stop and separate the leaves the millennium of bookmaking will be reached. A good history of the liteboat has long been needed, and Macmilian & Co. have done the general public a service in producing this handillustrated volume, and Mr. Richard Lewis. of the Inner Temple, has dipped his quill in very enthusiasm produced more than 200 pages of in formation which reads like a novel. His motto,

is peculiarly appropriate, and brings before us the startling contrast between those national quar. rels which ultimate in graves and that grateful philanthropy which robs the grave of its victims at the very moment when it is prepared to fill Previous to 1854 the National Lifeboat Institu-

tion unceasingly expressed its conviction of the utter inadequacy of all existing means for affording succor to the shipwrecked. Since that time, however, the government has offered ample aid to however, the government has offered ample aid to those engaged in this noble enterprise, and has given money and sympathy enough to put the institution or a sound basis. It is pretty difficult to determine who was the first builder of a hiebeat. Mr. Henry Greathead has the credit of doing it, but he must at least share the glory with Mr. Lionei Luxin, who four years previous—i, e., in 1785—designed and fitted a boat for saving lite which he cailed and fitted a boat for saving lite which he cailed and fitted a boat for saving lite which he cailed an unimmership boat. The tien Prince of Wales, alterward George IV., knew Lukin personally and encouraged him in his task, offering to pay the whole expense of his experiments. Still, as late as 1849, there were only nincteen hisboats on the coast, and so little interested were the general public in the enterprise that the gross income of the institution was only about \$1,000. In 1856 a new impuise was given to it, and the late Captain Hamilton Fitzgerald, Royal Navy, left it the munificent legacy of \$50,000. In 1887 restricted in its application. From that time to the pressit the institution has commended itself to the financial sympathy of the people. It has now a feet of nearly 250 boats, and has been the means of saving upwards of 22,000 lives from snipweeks. This is a noble record, and speaks well for the generosity of the English hation towards its rough and weather-beaten tars. It does one good to look at the map of England and see that every dangerous point from the Solily Islands to the Goodwin Sands on the south is dotted with the red mark which shows that a lifebout is there, while all alor; the shore, north and south, the same marks give evidence of the pity of a great people. But which shows that a lifebout is there, while all alor; the shore, north and south, the same marks give evidence of the pity of a great people. But which shows that a lifebout is there, while all alor; the shore, north and south, the same marks give evidence of the pity of a great pe those engaged in this noble enterprise, and has and are the good Samaritans that rescue the hopeless from a watery grave? Let us take from the volume an account of a noble service performed by the Cullercoats (Northumberland)

formed by the Cullercoats (Northumberland) lineboat:

"On a New Year's morning, some years since, a severe tempest was experienced on our northeast coast, and soon after daybrenk the coast guard men on the lookout at the Spanish cattery. Tynemiouth, saw a vessel deeply laden, with a flag of distress flying. She was struggling to get to the no thward, but struggling in vain, and rapidly driving in upon the coast. The coast guard men lollowed her along the shore with the rocket apparatus, and, as they went on, the people of the villages turned out to join them; so that ere long each neadland had its anxious crowd looking, pitying, tremoling. It was a very sad sight to see. Some of the vessel's sails had been nown away and she grew more and more unmanageable amid the terricle seas that broke around and over her. At length she struck on a ridge of sunken rocks and was still three-quarters of a mile from shore.

they could run through the snow, driving wind and rain, lifeboat men and fishermen made off for cullercoats for the lifeboat belonging to the National Lifeboat Institution. Six norses were fastened to her carriage, and down they came at a gallop to the sands. She was speedily manned by a gallant crew, who pulled out as for their own lives, and not a moment too soon did they reach the ship, which was now broadside on to the sca, her crew in the rigging, and the waves breaking over her mast high; cleverly and deftly was the lifeboat laid alongsidd, the vessel was grappled, and the boat held to her by a strong rope. Instantly the crew made toward their deliverers; but even as they left the rigging one man was much cut in the head and lace, the mate had his shoulder dislocated and three of them were swept into the sea.

Did any remain on board the ship? Yes. How overlooked, how so left to die, we know not; but the little cabin boy remained. The boy's cry for help grew very pitiful. For some time he dared not venture out of the weather rigging; at last he did so, and was seen in the lee shrounds. He had got wounded in the head and was covered with blood. One of the lifeboat's crew has since said that every face around him giew white and sick, and tears came from eyes little used to shed them. They clinched their teeth, and, with their own lives in their hands,' dashed in their boat to save him. The sea best her back. The dashed in again to be swept back once more. Again and again they tried, the poor boy meanwhile crying terribly in his despair. He was so young and the coast so near. But the vessel began to part, and the unstepped masts must fall, and would crush the lifeboat if she stated one minute longer. Then sacrificing one life to save many, a brave man gave the order, in a hoarse, broken volice, to cut the rope. The boy lell into the sea. Clinched in agony, or clasped in prayer, his little bands were seen once, twice, littled above the waves! The itleboat again rushed towards him, but the tempest swept away h

Such is the work the lifeboats of the coast are doing every day. They breast the stormy waves and save thousands of lives which, but for their help, would go out in darkness. The following verses from Wordsworth are a fitting close to such a chapter of sorrow:—

Jesn! bless our stender beat,
By the torrent sweet along;
Loud its threatinings—let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed Thy mercy to implore,
When these troubled waters roar! Guide our bark among the waves;
i hrough the surf our passage smooth?
When the whiripool trets and raves
Let thy love its anger southe;
All our lope is placed in Thee;
Hietere Domine!

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 6, 1875. The publishers are very active; their lists are very long, but there are not any books of very striking or remarkable interest in the higher orders of literature. We cannot expect to have the season which opened with the "Greville Me-moirs" and Lord Dilling's "Palmerston and Peel" kept up with equal brilliancy and interest, and we must accept quantity rather toan quality, especially in the literature, whether serious or light, especially adapted to the "festive time" which has passed this year under climatic conditions of the most detestable kind. First and foremost we find the first volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's

"LIFE OF THE PRINCE CUNSORT;" but I shall merely say that here the book is thought worthy of Mr. Martin's well known scholarly ability and that it has been produced with-out any tendency to sycophancy, which a weaker or less capable man might have displayed. It is somewhat strange to find Theodore Martin, the brightest and wittlest of the two collaborateurs who gave to the world the charmingly humorous "Bailads of Don Gautier" becoming a cours biographer in his later days; but it shows that Mr-Martin is as versatile as he is choice.

SIR SANUEL BAKER in "Ismailia" has produced the most popular travel book of the day, though there is, no doubt, a general feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointwhich was hailed with so much enthusiasm when it was undertaken. The fact remains, however, that a government, under the authority of the Khedive, has been established at Gondokoro, now called Ismailia, to the temporary expulsion of the routes of African travel, and that the lines have been laid by Sir S. Baker in which "Chinese Gordon" must wield a system of honest trade and civiliza tion. It is somewhat disconcerting to find that he is to be assisted in this by one Aboo Savod, a most pestilent villa n. and

who was the deadly and effectual enemy of the Baker expedition, and whom it is much to be regretted Sir Samuel permitted to live. As Baker's firman included the power of capital punishment

Aboo-Savod is now actually holding an important position under Gordon, though his villany has been exposed to the Khedive. This mysterious arrangement may, perhaps, have been made on the strength of the proverbial diction, "Set a thief to catch a thier." On any other supposition it is quire inexplicable. The big book is not ill-written, and some of the illustrations are clever, some of them of most exciting interest, such as some years ago would have been considered appropriate for an edition of "Baron Munchausen," but which are hardly startling after Anderson, Stanley Schweiniurt.

Among the latest works which illustrate tax

BPOCHS OF HISTORY
with the careful juliess of detail which is characteristic of our own epoch, are two which are likely to be largely used in schools, and which are well fitted to replace the dry epitomes which have hitherto been considered sumcient. They are Mr. H. Seebastian's "Eve of the Protestant Revolution," in which he contrasts the motives and the action of the Reformation in Germany and in England, and Mr. Cox's "The Crusades." The latter is a charming book, as attractive as it is learned, and much more bright and simple in style than might have been expected from the author of the "Aryan Mythologies."

Of all the countries in the world Portugal is the count of its topographical attractions, its actual position, or its historic associations. If the old saw which ascribes happiness to a country which has no history be correct Portugal ought to be a felicitous little place, for it counts for nothing in any overt sense, and its existence is practically to nored. Lady Jackson, who edited the memoirs of her late husband, Sir George Jackson, most ad-mirably, and who is known as a clever writer in several periodicals, has just written an account of ner travels in Portugal, under the title

"FAIR LUSITANIA" which induces her readers to think that the general neglect and want of interest in the country is a mistage; that there is much natural beauty and a great wealth of associations there for whoever shall investigate them.

The consent of the government to the organiza-

has afforded general satisfaction, put the scientific societies into high spirits and produced a voluminous literature of the subject. Among the latter is a highly interesting brochure by Dr. Petermann, the well known German geographer. It is in the form of a letter, written from Gotha, where Dr. Petermann resides, to the President of the Geographical Society. In this letter most honorable mention is made of Captain Hall and the astonnoing results obtained by that intreple investigator, who is admitted to have OPENED UP, SIMPLIFIED AND RENDERED PRAC-

TICABLE the future solution of the great question on which geographers are intent. Dr. Petermann's communication is just now very interesting, for he is an authority whom no chiefs of an expedition would like to controvert. He withdraws his previous vehement opposition to the Smith's Sound route, and announces that the greater navigability of proved to him he now distinctly approves before

on for a new expedition by British geographers. We are looking out here for the translation of Dr. Gerard Ronlis' new book, "Dutch Airica." is to be hoped it will be better translated than his "Morocco." He has not been adequately sup-ported by the German government, and has therefore been unable to make any collection of specimens of natural history or any astronomical experiments. He has done many wonderful things expense, and he received in aid of his exploration of Lake Tsenad only the shappy sum of 2,500 thalers. This wreached parsimony is very til placed, when the extraordinary talent of Dr. Roblis for

acquiring native languages is considered --- talent which enables him to achieve discoveries beyond the reach of other explorers, however equally gifted in other respects. He speaks the dialects of remote African districts with fluency, and his contributions to the ethnology of the tribes of the interior of Airica are expected to be of great

Mr. William Rossetti's "Poetical Works of William Blake," with a memoir, is a capital contribution to belies-lettres. The poems are admirably arranged, and the memoir, while supplementing Mr. Swinburne's unique essay on Blake's works, presents much that was already known in a conventent form, and adds a good deal which was not known at all, but which possesses the invariable though late awakened interest attaching to the extraordinary and erratic genius, whose merit is still growing in the perception of his countrymen. This book centains the whole of Biake's lyrical works, and two pieces which belong to his "prophetic period," when the poet had become a seer. The poems are entitled, respectively, "The Book of Thei" and "Tirrel," and the latter has never before been printed. They are both beautiful and weird, like all the productions of Blake's pen and pencil at the period of their production. Mr. Rossetti is not quite free from the besetting sin of every blographer and memoir writer. He cannot frankly admit the defects and peculiarities of his subject without an effort to explain them away and he exhibits this weakness by imputing the scandalous conduct of Blake in some well known instances to his "childistaness." This is a convenient explanation which would not be admitted for a moment in the case of a man who was not a genius, and which ought, seeing that noblesse oblige, to be still less admitted in the case of a man who was.

books of the season is a "Life of Michael Angelo Buonarotti," by Mr. C. C. Black. The author disclaims to have written a biography, he merely calls his work a "story:" but it is very full, sympathetic and interesting, and much more likely to be read with avidity by the general public than published by the Italian government, on the occabook is pleasantly written and free from digrescontemporary history, arts and politics. The illustrations are good, indicative of a great advance in photography as applied to sculpture.

Illustrated editions of books of travel abound, but not many are new books. The usual prominence of boys' books of adventure is, as , usual, pronounced, and Mr. Kingston is again to the fore with his expliarating sea stories and land marvels. How his stories would astonish those two historic inquirers into the wonders of nature. defetigable and inexpansible Mr. Ward is still contributing to our stores of knowledge, pleasantly conveyed. Not only has this season brought us, in his "Man and Beast," two capital volumes of knowledge and observation, but his new book on "insects" opens up a wonderful vista in creation, which thus hitherto been closed to the general reader. The object of his book is twofold: first, to show the important part and the extreme value to mankind of those which we are accustomed to call destructives; next, to note the wonderful modifications of structure which enable insects to fulfil their mission, and the surpassing beauty with which many of them are endowed. This book presents a rare example of conscientiousness in its execution. In order to insure accuracy in rendering the "texture" the engraver has actually inspected the whole of the six hundred insects whose portraits are presented before touching the block on which they are

Children have lost a great friend and clever purveyor of literature to their taste by the death of Mr. Tom Hood. He was very successful in his books for children, while his sister, Mrs. Broderip, who adopted that style of composition for a time, but abandoned it after several failures, had not a touch of the quaintness and sympathy which enabled him to please the little folk. His latest story, "From Nowhere to the North Pole," which has been published since his death, is perhaps the cleverest of the things of the kind which he has done. Mr. Knatchbuil-Hugessen is still in the van of the fairy tale writers. His "River Legends," with its comically serious illustrations, is a volume of pleasant extravaganza, which has attractions for children of a larger growth. A large num-

are making their appearance, but they are mostly of a depressing mediocrity. Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Pairicia Kimbail" is perhaps the most talked of at present. It has decided merits, but it is very unequal, and the author is injudicious in forcing those social topics on which she holds opinions differing widely from those of society in general into elaborate prominence. The plot is clever and drawn. The tone of the novel is, however, unpleasantly morbid, and the flual triumph over all that is good by all that is evil in the characters employed leaves an unpleasant effect. The writing is characterized by Mrs. Linton's customary vigor and clearness. She returns to the vexed question of "servant-gal-ism" in this fiction, taking the same line as that of her much debated article in the Cornhill Magazine, "On the Side of the Maids." Mr. Lawrence's "Hagarene" seems to be s failure. None exactly knows the meaning of the title; probably it has some occult reference to the story of the "bondwoman" who was cast out by Abraham, but the meaning is too deeply recondite numbers that of All the Fear Round entitled "The Opal Ring" is the leading favorite.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

The London Academy speaks very highly of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "What Might Have Been Expected." The writer thinks that two English children would have tired of their bargain and not have carried it out so successfully as did the little Americans.
Mr. George F. Fort, a distinguished lawyer of

Camden, N. J., bas just completed "The Early History of Antiquities of Free Masonry."

The London Athenœum does not think highly

of Dr. Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science." It regrets that the author of so learned and instructive a work as the "Intellectual Development of Europe" should have done so much toward spoiling a good subject in scampering hastily over ground which should be

more carefully trodden.

The profusely illustrated "Travels in South America," by Paul Marcoy, lately published, is pronounced to be a made-up book, possessing little merit beyond the pictures. The author was a poor artist picked up by the Count de Castelnau's expedition across South America in 1846. The travels are thus nearly thirty years old; but, no dates being given in the book, it has passed for a

The English building societies have been written up in a book by Von Pienen, a careful German ob-

"The Fern Paradise," by Mr. Francis Heath, is a description of ferny rambles through the green lanes, woods and dells of Devonshire.

The Publishers' Weekly says, apropos of the numerous announcements by rival publishers to reprint foreign books, that the "courtesy of the trade" in this matter is very mythical, and that the majority of reprints depend really upon prior arrangements for advance sheets, by which rival

Mr. Astronomer Proctor's "Transits of Venus! contains an account of all the past and coming transits, from 1629 to 2112, and has twelve colored

Weilington already, a new one is in preparation under the personal supervision of the present

A recent number of the London Graphic published Stedman's poem, "Country Sleighing," with two pages of illustrations by W. S. Hennessy. Tols poem first appeared in the Hearth and Home in the days when Donald G. Mitchell was its THE COMING KING.

The Prince of Wales Pictured Crowned as the Monarch of Britain.

Piquant Spice of the Latest English Scandal.

POETICAL LAMPOONS.

Among the literature peculiar to this Christmas eason of the year which, though to a certain extent twaddling and bearing an affectation of opennearted liberality and benevolence, used to be sound and healthy, there has recently cropped up an undergrowth of a somewhat unpleasant charthree years ago in a publication which professed to be called the thirteenth of a series called "Beeton's Christmas Annuals." Mr. Beeton was one of the lower class of publishers, who had principally devoted himself to the issue of works of useful knowledge, as "Inquire Within," books &c., and his annuals had been in the usual form a collection of tales, poetry, &c. The new specimen, however, was a deviation from the Beston track; its very title, "The Coming K____," at once arrested attention and aroused curiosity, which a glance at and a perusal of the first pag which a glance at and a perusal of the first page served to stimulate. This first page was partly occupied by an illustration representing the Prince of Wales crowned and in royal robes, with an overbrimming champagne rlass in one hand and a sceptre in the other. This centre figure was surrounded by vignettes representing racing, the Park, the music hall and other episodes of fast life. The letter press was a parody of Tennyson's dedication of the "fighs of the King," and in parts was pretty close and vigorous, as the following extract will show:—

Indeed the seemed to me

wing extract will show:—

Noarce other than my own ideal liege,
who did not muchly care to trouble lake,
But bis concern was comfortable case;
To dress in well cut tweeds, in docatin suits,
In pants of patterns marvellous to see;
To treet in your transparency to quaft rare vintages;
To teed h good brands; to quaft rare vintages;
To teed h good brands; to quaft rare vintages;
To to short with A my thinky meats withal;
To toy with what Nerma calls her hair,
And, in a general way, to happ be,
If possible, and always debunetr.

This will give you the keyunote to the rest of the book. The Prince was throughout spoken of as Gueipho, and the "Enid", "Vivien," "Eliaine" of Tennyson were poorly parodied, their characters and scenes of action being laid in modern times and places, as an example of which I may quote that heraint, a knight of Gueipho's Court, becomes suspicious of his wile—

when a rumor arose about Her Grace
Touching her love for cigarettes and "cuba."
When it was whispered she did not eschew
The doctrines that Miss Woodnull had proclaimed
In Jim Fisk's city, in debased New York.

When it was whispered she did not eachew
The doctrines that Miss Woodhull had proclaimed
In Jim Fisk's city, in debased New York.

Now, although the writing was sufficiently poor
and the whole projection in executive taste, yet as
the book was made the vehicle or the reproduction
of all the scandalous stories and cancans which had
been running the gaintlet of society during the
year, it had at its outset a certain success, which
success was wholly insured when, with most unintelligible weakness, some persons in high position endeavored to suppress the work by buying
up the edition. This not only gave an immediate
market value to all procurable copies, and it is
well known that some, originally issued at a
smiling, were paid for at the rate of two glinness
each, but rendered it a matter of certainty that
the attempt would be renewed the next year.
Accordingly, among Mr. Becton's autumnal announcements was found one of

THE BIHAD."

by the authors of "The Coming K——". "The Slind"
was a very long-winded, pointless and poor production. The Prince again appeared as Goelphos,
and the night adventures of two of his companions, presented under the names of Liobed and
Bersites, which filled one of the cancos, gave the
writer an opportunity of describing the Argyle
Rooms, the Alhamora. Kate Hamilton's nighthouse, and various other dens of iniquity in his
own peculiarly salacious sivie. But the greater
portion of the book was taken up with would-be
sattrical comments on politics and public affairs,
in which Gladememnon (Gharitone), Dudizzy (Disrach), Babilloes (Robert Lowe), Seiteldee (Stansfield), and Praudtor (Porster) played the principal
paris. In a canio, called "The Trial of the Army,"
Camdux (the Duke of Cambridge) and his equerry
Phitzjim (the Hon. James Macdonald) were preeminent. In the course of a colloquy in which
a possible invasion of Canada by the Americans is
touched upon, the following lines occur:

Toronto city and old Montrea!

To rende upon, the following lines occur:

John's and Ottawa might follow suit, w Gordon Bennett would these victories bruit! All this is wearisome stuff, and it is probable that the book would have fallen flat but for the personality scattered throughout; and culminat-ing in the final pages where Viktromache apostro-phizes the spirit of Alber (the Prince Consort) in a passage which lextract:

passage which I extract:—
O Allor's see how now they treat thy wife!
The thus they trouble her unhappy lite.
I've dedicated nil my days to thee;
Why ever can't Dilaides let me be?
Surely one star its beaucit beam displayed
O'er Colourg's roof and Kensinztonia's shade;
From different perents, different chimes we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same;
Thou to the Shades irresoccably gone,
Ang L. abandon'd, desolate, alone!
Thy first born son, once contorting my pains,
No traces of thee, save thy name, retains;
He does not follow thy example good,
His teet are often where thine never stood.
Not his to foster sciences and arts,
He rarely for thy mansoleum starts;
Museums ne'er with longings fill his sout, Not his to foster sciences and aris,
If trarely for thy manuscum starts,
If the seven known into metal starts and
If ye even known into metal starts and
If ye even known into metal starts and
If ye even known into leave the complex.
If ye even known into leave and lack a day!
I saw him lectured in the "Coming K—"
I saw him lectured in the "Coming K—"
I saw him lectured in the "Coming K—"
I so spake the mournful dame; and Albor heard,
And from his split ic emes the answering word.
Viktromashe," it says, "thy love is dear,
But dry, I pray thee, thy unfailing tear;
I think—eer thee to know my will 'tis meet—
Thy time of mournful sis, indeed, complete.
Unworthy of more walling do! I teel,
I'll the that woulds my loss has made should heal;
For—parion, if a tender spot I touch—
Werry I'm grown of being mournel so much;
And, if you do not wish to give me pain,
Don't vish this sarcophagus again.
Thou st acted nobly, and the country too,
I'm dead, but Albors, oronze and slone, in scores
I have reser every where about the shores;
I that grand memorial in the Western Park;
With chastened pride I say, for oil. I think
How great the sum that gorreous pile mist sink;
And what the interest on that sum would be
If thou'est invest it, yiktromache;
Or had some score of stucco mausions built,
Nor spend It all in sculptures and in gill,
However, 'tis too inte to liat amend,
I offly say this sort of thing should end.
'Is time my splic resed 'mongs the shades'
Safe from thy constant meiancholy fails.
The more convivial ghosts have noteed it—
I mean thy sorrow—and they chaff and twit,
And make remarks intended to be wit.
So, matame mine, Olikides' counsel take,
Forget me, teave me, all thy care is vain,
Ant to your country be a Queen again."
This expression of sentiment being to a large

Ant to your country be a queen again."

This expression of sentiment being to a large extent an echo of public opinion, obtained for "The Slitad" a wide popularity and made it certain that the annual would appear again in 1874.

Two Books in THE MARKET.

During the twelvemonth, however, quarreis seem to have arisen between the authors and the publishers of these delightful works, and the consequence is that this Christmas we have two annuals, the one, "don Duan," claiming to be "by the authors of the Coming K— and the Siliad;" the other "The Filiad," purporting to be written "by the author of the Siliad and others." A comparison of them shows that the first is scurrious, but not stupid, and the second stupid, but not scurrious.

rious.

"THE FIJIAD"

Is, indeed, so very stupid that only a brief reference to it is necessary. It is supposed to be the adventures in England of one Fijitee, a Frince of Piji, has the usual references to Gadisuse and Bendizzy, out is discreetly silent about Court and private scandal.

Bendizzy, out is discreetly silent about Court and private scandal.

"JON DUAN,"

On the contrary, has all the recklessness that marked The Coming K—. In metre and in construction it is an imitation of Byron's great original; but the adventures gone through by the here are, of course, those of modern days. The writer seems to have the new newspaper, the World, on the brain. The article "For God and the Queen," descriptive of Her Majesty's life at Balmoral and the scenes in Crathie church, which was published in that journal, are here boddly reproduced in verse. The Prince of Wales and his companions at the Mariborough Cinb speak of the World, and "Little Labby" (sir. Labouc.ere; sings to them some verses which he had just read in the sanctum of the editor. "Free Bates." (Mr. Edmund Yates.) All the old scandals are trotted out and some new ones added, and the tone is entirely that of The Coming K—, though the new annual lacks the brisk freshness of the first one. It is curious to notice that where it has a purpose that purpose would seem to be a desire to push of the addication of the Queen; and this is set forts in a ballad supposed to be sung at the Mariborough Club by Lord Coachington (Lord Carrington), which I now quote:—

THE COSTER'S CAROL.

I may be rough an 'like o' that,

THE COSTER'S CAROL.

I may be rough an' like o' that,
But I sin't no bloomin' loo.
An' I'm rather up to what is what,
Though i never good to school.

I know my way about a bit,
An' this is what I say:—
That It's those that does the business
As ought to get the pay.

I sin't up grudge agen the Queen. As ought to get the pay.

I ain't no grudge agen the Queen,
Leastways, that is, no spite:
But I helps to Keep her, so I mean
10 ax for whar's my right.
An'as she won't come out at all,
It's not no 'arm to say
That if she don't do the business.
Why, she shouldn't get the pay.
She's livin' on the cheap, I'm told,
An' puttin' lots away.
Some gets like that when they is old
But what I want's lear play.

I think as 'ow her eldest son
'As got a hopen 'art:
I like his looks my sell, for one,
An' I alius takes his part.
And then there's Alexandrar,
She's a proper sort, I say:
Them's rhe two as do the ousiness,
An' they ought to get the pay.

There ain't to me the slightest doubt (An' no hoffence I means).

The the moke as draws the truck about As ought to get most greens.

We do not starve the old 'uns,
But we give much less to they—
The tree ones as de the business.

I pay my whack for queen or king.
Like them o' ligher tirth.
An' 'taint a werry wicked thing
To want my money's worth.
An' if I'm discontented
'I'm only 'cause I say—
That the coves as does the business
Ought to get the bloomin' pay.
So let the Ougen her ways mysoo

Ought to get the bloomin' pay.
So let the Queen her ways pursoo,
An' I for one won't weep;
An' all the dile Jarmints, too,
As I nelps for to keep.
But what I ope ain't treason,
Is boidly for to say,
That the Prince and Alexandrar
Ought to get their mother's pay,

Owing to the expression of this spirit and to its outspoken scandais Jon Duan has been agress pecuniary success. The first edition is complicitly exhausted, and many hundreds of copies have been sold at double the original price. A new edition is announced for the beginning of the

month.

The authorship is, of course, anonymous, our so far as Jon Duan is concerned it is believed to be written by a Mr. A. W. Dowty, a clerk in the Paymaster General's office.

THE JUBILEE.

FORMER CEREMONIAL ADOPTED IN PROCLAIMING JUBILEES.

The manner in which His Holiness Pope Pius IX. was constrained by political circumstances to proclaim the year of Jubilee 1875 will probably come nearer home in its pathetic simplicity to the come nearer bome in its pathetic simplicity to the hearts of the faithful subjects of that much tried Pontiff than the gorgeous processions and ceremonies amid which his predecessors were accustomed to break down the Porta Santa, and admit the countiess nosts of pilgrims to a view of inspirate the counties nosts of pilgrims to a view of inspirate the counties nosts of pilgrims to a view of the Catholic Caurch, from the year, 1300, when Pope Bonties of Vill, deciared use intention of inaugurature the new feetury by a religious edicipration, which should partake of the casacter of those iestivals which, by a divine ordination, the Mosaic law had prescribed to be held by the ancient Jews on every forty-ninthyear. It derived its name of Jubile irom the Hebrew word "Yobal," meaning "a joyful shoul?" or "a clangor of trumpets," as sense we find still preserved in the Gorman word "jubel." From the Hebrew root comes the Lathyboliczum, whence our Jubilee. Bonnace ordined that all who made the pilgrimage to Rome during this least should receive plenary absolution for their sins if they repented of them fully and sincerely—a privilege widen extended to those wine leit home for the parpose of attending, but might chance to die upon the road. To such as were, from manyoldable circumstances, unable to attending, but might chance to die upon the road. To such as were, from unavoidable circumstances, unable to attending, but might chance to die upon the road. To such as were, from the place of abode a contessor, to be approved by the highest ecolesistical dignitary of the respective district, who should have the power or granting them plenary absolution; and let respective district, who should have the power or granting them plenary absolution; and let respective district, who should have the power or granting them plenary absolution; and let respective district, who should have the power or granting them plenary absolution; and let respective district, who should have the power or granting them plenary absolution; and the res hearts of the faithful subjects of that much tried monies amid which his predecessors were accus-

visit the Church of Blessed Peter and Paul."

Persons under sentence of excomminication by the Pope or other dignitaries of the church are, however, debarred from the benefits of the Judice until such time as they have made proper and acceptable submission. The Judice of Boniface was a very great success. Eye wine-see describe the flocks of pilgrims who covered the roads reading to and from the Holy City as delying an attempts to calculate their numbers, and it is companied that at no time during the year were there less than two Bundred thousand strangers actually within the wails of Rome, excitative of those who were coming and going. It is said that among the pious multitude who thronged the churches of the metropolis of the Cristian world was a venerable anchorite, who for many years had led a peaceful and biamoless hie of devotion and prayer among the runged recesses of the Appenines, but who upon hearing the glad lidings of the great dongregation which had assembled to worship in unison at the Jountain head of their beinef, quited his hermitsing and revisited for the last time the busy faunts of meb. His majestic mein and great age attracted the hotice of the Pope, who had him brought before him and questioned him whether he had ever before beneficiated in the hot of years, slways having the lear of God before his eyes and that he could perfectly recoilect that just 100 years ago the then reigning Pontif had caused a similar festival to be celebrated Boniface was impressed with this state meht, and decreed that hereafter a Judice should be held every hundredth year, Pope Clement VI., seeing the great gain which had accused to the Church from the first Judice, and destrons perhaps of witnessing in person so grand a sight, reduced the interval between these leasts to lifely years, and held one in 1350 which had accused to the Church Special prayers of othe succeeding popes aftered the dates upon whose the jubilees were to be held, and it was not till theyers 1470 that Paul II. definitively fixed their recur

his hand, struck three blows upon the masonry, at the same time reciting the listh Psaim—

Open to me the gaies of righteonsness;
I will go into them and I will praise the Lord.

This gate of the Lord,
Into which the righteons shall enter.
I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me
And at become my salvation.

The wall was then torn down, and penitential menks washed the threshold with holy water, whereupon His Hollness entered, followed by his suite, and with his own hands opened the shrines containing the relies of the samts and exposed their sacred contents to the cager gaze of the reverential crowd. Simultaneously with this ceremony the doors of the churches of St. John Lateran, Sama Maria Maggiore and St. Paul, which were declared by Pope Bontiace IX. to be Jupilee churches, were opened by three Cardinals deputed by the Pope io that purpose, and the festival had begin. At its conclusion, on the 24th of December Ionowing, the Pope proceeded again in state to the Porte Sanota. He biessed the stones and him which were there provided, and sprinkled them with holy water; then, taking up a glided trowel, be spread the first layer of mortar and cast is some coins, after which the work was unished by masons in attendance for that purpose.